

UNDER THE PINES

Mary Fenton was turning over the leaves of the latest summer novel in a listless fashion, as she sat on "The Tavern" porch. The glory of an early June day was about her. Cedar, sugar pine and dogwood gleamed fresh in their different shades of green from the shower of the day before. Shasta lilies, wild roses, yellow violets, and myriads of other flowers, clustering in close brotherhood with the timothy grass in the meadow beyond, filled the clear air with a penetrating fragrance. The meadow lark trilled in the tall pines, and a small boy reported the finding of a flock of young grouse in the cornfield. The trout were beginning to jump in the Sacramento, and the early anglers were gathered in small groups a little distance from her, discussing with deep interest the respective merits of brown hackel versus royal coachman.

Mary Fenton loathed the tone of the place. It reeked of fish; fish that had been caught or hooked, and fish that had been landed. The atmosphere was monotonously fishy. It generally is on the Sacramento, where the trout are wary and men are loyal to flies.

A case of nervous prostration was the ostensible cause of Miss Fenton's removal to the braising mountain air; if the family Gaden had but known it, she was more truly suffering from a severe attack of indigestion of mind. Richard Drake was the subject of this waver, whereby her cheeks were pale and her nights made sleepless.

The hum of the refrain, "When I Was on the Mountain," "Dolly Varoon Weighing Ten Pounds," sounded to her ear like gibberish, as she laid her book down in her lap and fell to thinking and arguing with herself the same old story. Mary Fenton had not been of the toilers of this life, nor did she aspire to that honor. She had been bred in a selfish sort of way, with deepest regard for the great ego. Happiness meant to her smooth sailing, a ripple on the stream, unpleasantness and unpleasantness, disaster.

In her trim, tailor-made gown she formed a tasty picture, as she rocked slowly to and fro in a low chair, under the shadow of the hop vines that clambered up the pillars of the piazza. Even the fishermen gave her a little of their admiration, together with the speckled beauties—and the fishermen were not young. The pucker of thought on her brow was rather becoming. In her unconscious pose she presented a picture of the best nineteenth-century cultivation.

The world was very serene to her when Richard Drake drifted into her life. She liked him. He was well introduced, belonging to the Drakes of Boston, was handsome, a trifle unconventional, which she rather disapproved, and, lastly, was a bank clerk with no fortune, and cared little for amassing one, a lack of ambition that she could not quite comprehend.

At first he startled her in her quiet, measured existence, then amused, then interested, and finally was the cause of the nervous prostration and mountain trip out of the season.

The Fentons had only a fair supply of this world's goods. Young sisters were growing up, and with marriage Mary knew that she had her own way to make. Richard Drake grew more fascinating, but she could not yet decide whether life was worth living with poverty constantly in the foreground; whether things she prized dearest could be given up for one man's sake. This was the problem that troubled her as she sat in deep reflection, until she heard some one address her, timidly.

"Would you like some flowers, ma'am?" Started, she looked up and saw a young girl with hands extended, full of the wonderful pitcher plants that grow in abundance up the slope of Castle Crags.

"Where did you get them?" "Down five miles from here."

"Did you go yourself?" Miss Fenton looked curiously at the young girl, who flushed slightly as she replied: "Course, I thought maybe you ladies at the hotel might like to buy some, as the walk's too rough for you."

"I will take them," she said. The girl was a picturesque figure, tall and slender, with a crop of short reddish curls clustering around her head and straggling over the brim of an old, cigarette hat, which was faded into a dull bluish gray, and set well back on her head, leaving the sun a good chance to tinge her face with the rich brown of auburn.

She wore an old navy-blue blouse with collar turned low at the throat, showing a superb curve. Her short calico skirt was stretched from her shoulders to her knees, and clinging close to her figure. Her old canvas shoes were a trifle large for her, and seemed relics together with the hat.

Mary Fenton's eyes were lighted up with interest as she looked at the lithe, well-proportioned young figure.

"Why, you've been ten miles this morning, and it is so wet, and you have no rattlesnakes on Castle Crags?" The girl laughed. "Rattlesnakes?" she exclaimed, scornfully. Her large, gray eyes looked at the head of the snake, which was coiled around her neck, and she protested: "You don't suppose I'm such a baby to be scared of a rattler. I've killed many of 'em round our cabin door in Oregon. I've got 'em skinned and dried, and down at the camp I'll fetch up to show you, if you like, some day."

The fresh voice and honest soul looking out from her great, dark eyes fascinated Mary Fenton as she drew out her purse to pay for the orchids, and she tried to keep her face from showing that she was not going to let the girl's words pass without comment. "What is your name?" she asked.

"Kit—Kit Jones," she replied, moving away.

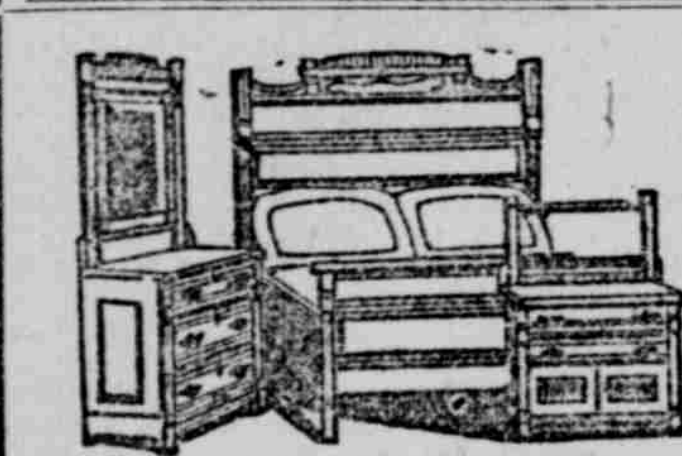
"Do you live in the camp across the road with the campers who came last week?" Miss Fenton asked with interest.

"Yes," she answered, in a low tone of voice. "There's only me, mother and Bill. I must go now. I'm the head of the snake. Bill is sick. A shade passed over her merry, childish face."

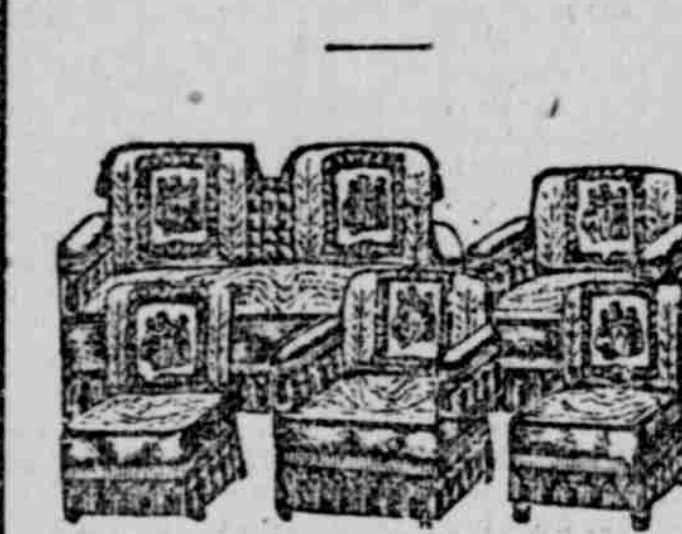
"May I come over and see the rattlesnakes some day, and will you bring me some Shasta lilies?"

WORLD'S FAIR LARGEST STORE IN STATE

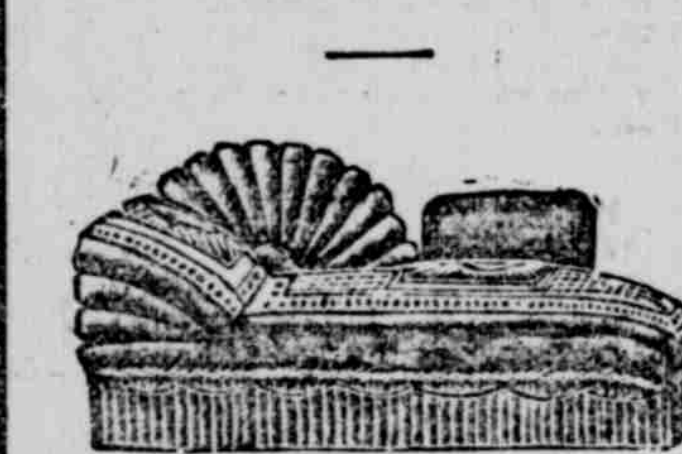
We are sole agents for the finest, best and most stylish goods made. They are arriving daily by the carload, and we will give our customers the benefit of special low prices. This is no humbug sale. We mean just what we say, and can prove the same to you by your calling at the store. Notice our prices on advertised goods. WE HAVE NO COMPETITION IN THE CITY WHEN IT COMES TO PRICES.



At \$12, \$15, \$20, \$25, \$35, \$50, \$75, \$100—75 samples to select from. This is 40 per cent. off of regular price.

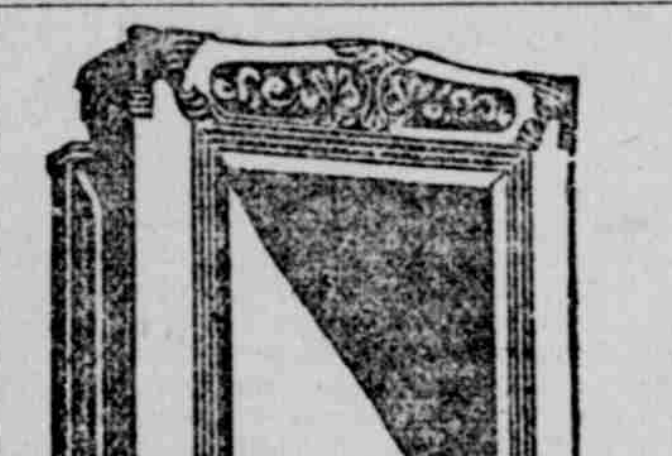


At \$15, \$25, \$35, \$50, \$75, \$100. This is 40 per cent. off of regular price.



At \$8, \$10, \$15, \$20; 100 to select from.

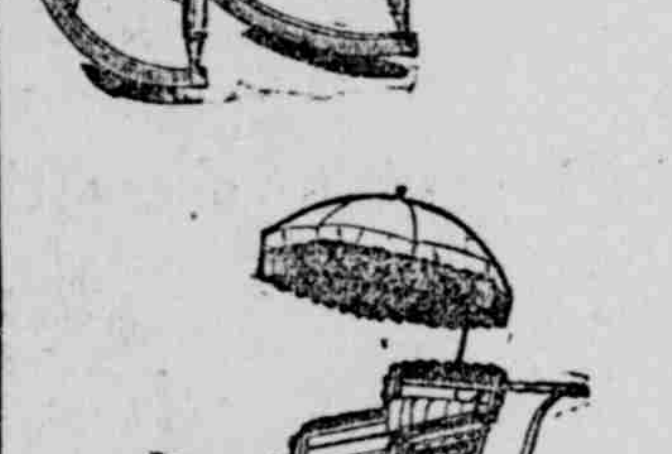
See our \$18, \$25, \$35 Couch; 35 samples to select from.



At \$25, \$35, \$50, \$75. 40 samples to select from. This is 40 per cent. off the regular price.



At \$1.50, \$2, \$3, \$5, \$8, \$10, \$15. 200 samples to select from.

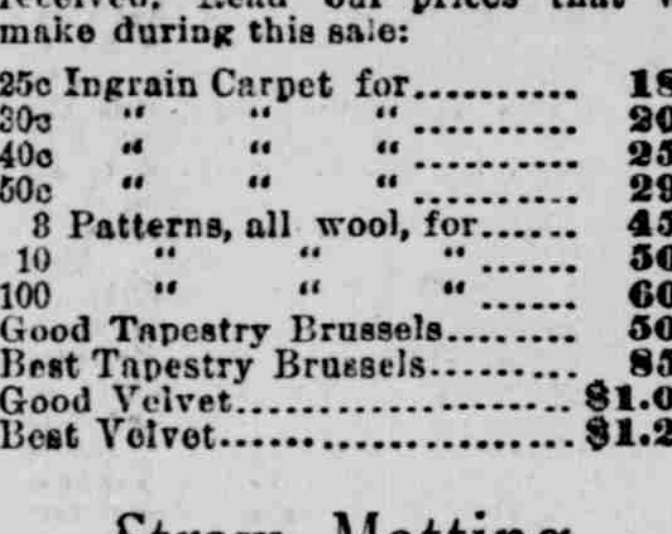


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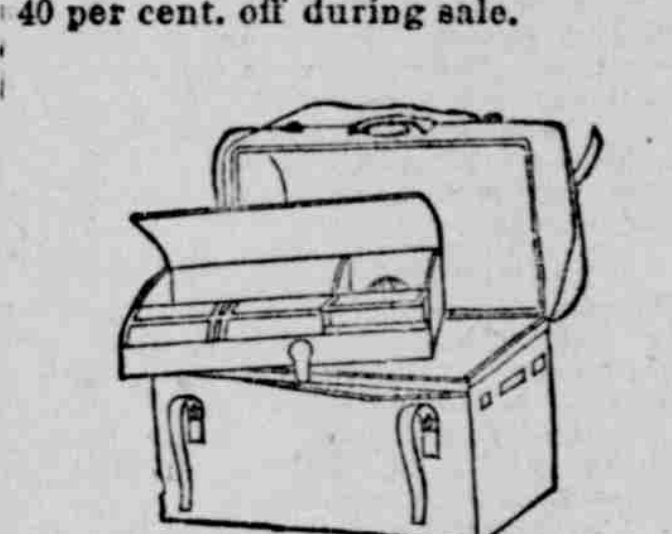


At \$8, \$10, \$15, \$20; 100 to select from.

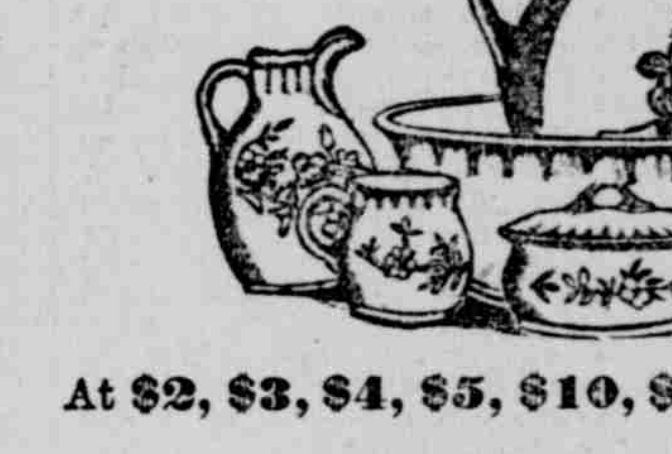
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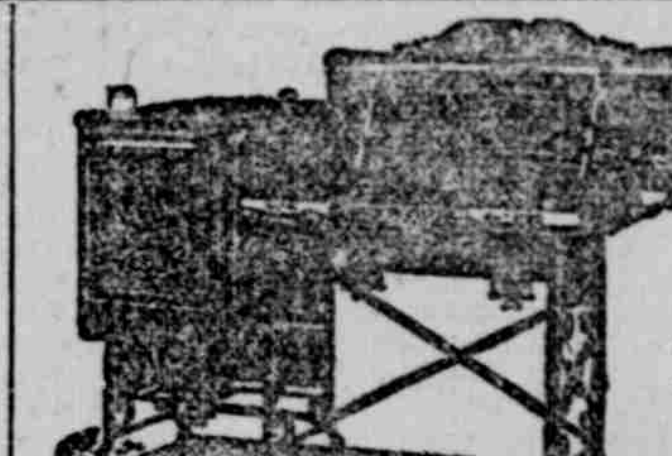


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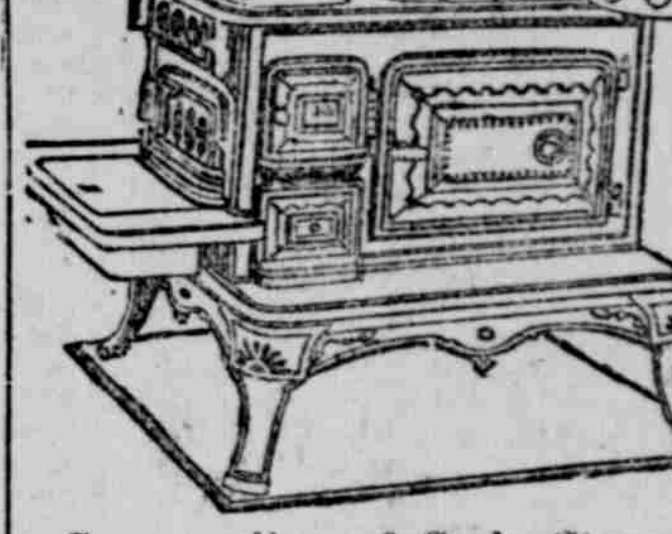


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See our \$18, \$25, \$35 Couch; 35 samples to select from.

Carpet Department.

600 pieces of the latest patterns just received. Read our prices that we make during this sale:

25c Ingrain Carpet for.....	15c
30c " " " " " " " " " "	20c
40c " " " " " " " " " "	25c
50c " " " " " " " " " "	29c
8 Patterns, all wool, for.....	45c
10 " " " " " " " " " "	50c
Good Tapestry Brussels.....	50c
Best Tapestry Brussels.....	55c
Good Velvet.....	\$1.00
Best Velvet.....	\$1.25

Straw Matting.

50 Rolls Matting at..... 7 1/2c yard
100 Rolls Matting at..... 10c yard
25 Rolls Linoleum Matting at..... 25c yard
35 Rolls Cotton Warp Matting at..... 30c yard

1,000 Pairs Portieres.

Must Be Sold at a Price.
\$4 Portieres for..... \$2.50
\$10 Portieres for..... \$5.00

Lace Curtains.

2,000 pairs to be sold at half their value. See our Curtains for \$1, \$2 and \$3 a pair. We have all grades to \$20 a pair.

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GARLAND STOVES AND RANGES

Sole agent for the Garland Stoves and Ranges. Finest and best Stove made. The largest stove manufacturers in the world. The largest and finest line in the State to select from; 40 per cent. off during sale.



At \$2, \$5, \$8, \$10, \$15 and \$20. All cut 40 per cent. during sale.



At \$2, \$3, \$4, \$5, \$10, \$15—all cut 40 per cent. off reg. prices.

DINNER SETS.

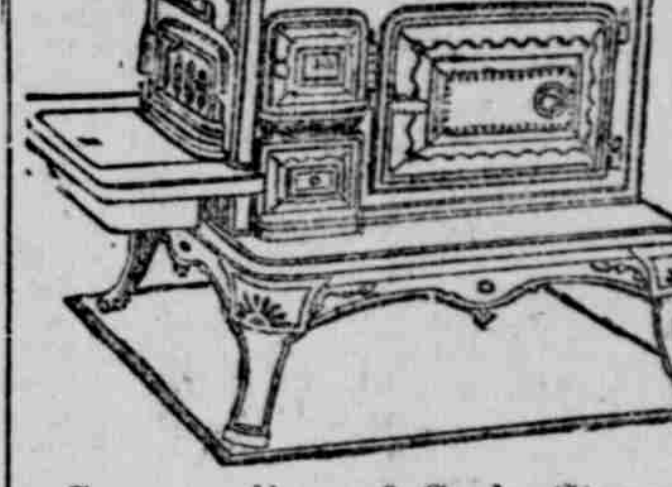
See our \$6, \$8, \$10, \$15, \$20, \$25, \$35 Sets. All cut 40 per cent. off regular price.

WALL PAPER.

See our 5c, 10c, 15c, 25c Paper. This is 50 per cent. off regular price.

50 per cent. Off Gas and Gasoline Stoves.

See our line of Cook Stoves at \$5, \$8, \$10, \$15. This is 40 per cent. off regular price.



See our line of Cook Stoves at \$5, \$8, \$10, \$15. This is 40 per cent. off regular price.



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WALL PAPER.

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in sympathy with them. The minor chord in the very fascinating when it does not vibrate for ourselves.

Kit saw her at last, and sprang up hastily, her cheeks aflame from the exertion, and her short curls tossed and tangled by the evening wind, standing up like a halo about her head. Kit was hardly more than seventeen, but she had the look of a woman, showing the effect of mountain air and training.

"Glad to see you!" She extended her hand, grimed with ashes and charred stumps. The old woman looked up without any interest at the arrival—no light in her faded gray eyes.

"Thank you," Kit waved her hand, by way of introduction, in the direction of the frying pan.

The old woman grimly nodded.

"My brother! Why, it's Bill!" Kit looked up into her face with surprise, and then said in explanation: "I forgot—everybody calls me Kit."

"You're a good girl, and you're a sweetheart. We've been since we were little kids. We're going to be married," she straightened herself up with a comical air of dignity. "I'm the head of the snake, the way you see Shasta? We see the white mountain at home, and when a lump comes into my throat and I feel a bit down, I go and see it up the hill. The sky looking down upon me just as it does at home. All the time when we were coming I kept looking over my shoulder, and the white mountain kept following us, as if it was going to take care of all of us."

She drew her sleeve across her eyes, as if to brush away a little moisture, then pulled the old cigarette hat down low over her face, giving it a sort of rough pat. "It's one of Bill's old ones," she said in a half aside.

It was growing dusk. The long shadows of the pines on either side lengthened quite across the road, until their tips were lost in the wide angle of azaleas and bracken by the roadside.

The Sacramento kept up a gurgle and a rush just below, which blended in with the soft sighing of the pines. Mary Fenton walked close by Kit's side and waited for her to speak.

"Well, Miss Mary, you are so good to him. I'll tell you just from the beginning, and I think, Miss Mary, I know the first minute that I saw you setting there in that rocking chair that you was an angel, and maybe could help Bill."

Mother and me lived all alone in a cabin in southern Oregon. Father was killed when I was born—sneeze," she exclaimed. "Mother has always had a sort of a misery since. She's never happy, even here. She didn't want to come. Bill's folks lived next to me, 'bout two miles away. Bill's older than me, but he was always sickly; didn't like bore, so when I was big enough we played together, and Bill was good to me, and I used to fight for him."

"Bill's folks went home to Missouri, and Bill stayed. He's a wood chopper, and me and Bill we've always loved each other. Me and mother, we farmed our ground ourselves, and we've always been dirt poor; but me and Bill was always happy. You see, Miss Mary, if folks have got each other in this world, they've got all that's wanted. Then Bill took cold last winter—had a fever. I took him home and nursed him. He was pretty bad. It was a hard winter, and I thought it never would stop. Bill got punier and punier. Mother said it was the pines of the Lord, because I was so set on Bill, but Miss Mary, I knowed that I was in a hard little knob, was standing near an improvised shelf, cutting thick pieces of fat bacon into a frying pan."

Mary Fenton felt as she knew them—"Me and mother and Bill"—and felt

down, while she stood facing the great white mountain.

"It kept on raining, and I rode to the doctor's, ten miles from our cabin, and he said to bring Bill here, when the air was dryer, and give him chance; so I didn't wait, but hitched up to our little wagon and we came. It has rained here, but it isn't going to any more, and he will get well, I know." Her voice grew more cheerful with hope.

She stood silent for a moment, with face uplifted in thought, and the evening stars beginning to come out, one by one, above Shasta, she said: "Why, Miss Mary, it's getting cold. You'll have a chill. We must be going home. I've come to move."

All the way back Kit chattered cheerfully, telling little stories of her home, all entwined with anecdotes of Bill and full of his praises.

As they neared the camp the same hacking cough broke the stillness of the night. Kit started as it hurt her.

"I shouldn't have left him. Wait a moment, Miss Mary. I must give him a medicine, then I'll see you home."

Miss Fenton declined her offer, as it was only a few minutes' ride, and she was sure that she could get home. She turned away and heard the querulous tones of the invalid calling Kit, who answered him with cheery tenderness.

One of the fishermen joined her as she neared the tavern, showing her his basket of two-pounders. Her thoughts were uplifted, and she half absently admiringly looked at the fish.

Poor little Kit, ignorant, half-frenzied child, had raised Mary Fenton to heights she had not dreamed of. If Richard Drake had been there to see her, she would have been a laughing stock.

The letter was still unwritten, but the mountains possessed a new interest to her. Mrs. Pendragon wrote privately to Mrs. Fenton that Mary was gaining color and appetite, and never mentioned the objectionable young man, but turned her attention to a "dirty lot of Oregon campers."

Kit ran in for a few moments every day, bringing white Shasta lilies, rare ferns from "away up Sody creek," or burning tiger lilies, regal in brown and gold, and Miss Fenton kept the invalid, who was rapidly falling, supplied with dainties.

She found out very soon that Bill was commonplace and selfish. He had a rather handsome, weak face, and Kit was kind to his weaknesses and faults. He grew so much more to Kit could hardly leave him at last. The weather was warm, and she worked all day, and often set up at night to watch by his side and hum her fancies. He was not able to walk, the dry air could not help. And then Kit never came to the tavern, and Mary Fenton went to her every day.

Mrs. Jones fretted to go home. "Bill's as good one place as another," she grumbled; but Kit clung to the belief that there he must get well.

As the days passed on, the sick man grew weaker and weaker and more fretful. Kit sat by him all the time, his hand in hers. There were dark rings widening under her eyes from sleepless nights, and the young cheeks were growing hollow. Mary Fenton saw with a pang that the slender fingers which she ran through the curly crop were growing pitifully thin.

Kit did not bear to see the bright young life merged into this dull sadness, and she felt helpless. Kit would not believe what was shockingly coming. Every time that Miss Fenton came with something tempting and the sick man refused it, she would say, with a ghost of the old merry laugh, "You're spoiling him, Miss Mary; nothing's good enough now."

The tavern life went on. Mary Fenton joined in the drives and walks, danced with him all the time, his hand in hers, guests, but her heart was with Kit, under the pines.

"What do you see in that little curly-headed Oregon girl?" one of the fishermen asked laughingly.

"My better self," she answered, and passed on.

The weather was very sultry. The jagged peaks of Castle Crags stood bare and gray against the deep blue sky. Not a breeze stirred. Even the river moved on in its bed, and the water was so hot that it was a north wind, and that always means dry, enervating, lifeless heat.

The ladies lounged around the tavern piazza in cool white muslin, with pale

leaf faces and red lemonades near at hand, and gazed vehemently. The fishermen wiped the perspiration from their foreheads, asserted their flies, and each tried to outdo the other in noisy fish stories.

Mary Fenton sat little to one side, overcome by the heat, and giving up the idea of seeing Kit that day. Again her book lay in her lap, and she sat dreaming. Coming up the road in the hot, dazzling sun, Kit walked slowly through the dust, her hands clasped together and her eyes, which had been looking at the ground, she walked so slowly she seemed hardly to move.

"Miss Mary," she spoke in hollow tones, "Bill's folks are coming to see him. I want to tell you. Bill's gone—last night—Nothing but dull apathy in her face, not a hint of the broken, lifeless figure."

Mary Fenton pressed her hand warmly in hers in assurance of help.

"If you wouldn't mind, Miss Mary, come and see him. You know I can see it at home, and it would be something for us to have together."

"Oh, dear child, I will do anything for you."

Mary Fenton's eyes were brimming over with tears, as she stood still in the sun-baked road, and the young figure, bent with grief, disappeared slowly among the pines.

Mary Fenton started. "I did not think Bill would be so soon dead." She went down the steps, close to the well, and took her hand. "Come out of the sun. Come."

Kit raised her eyes, a death of and despair. "Do you think I would leave him now, Miss Mary?" She continued in the same monotonous tone, as Miss Fenton hastened to get her hat to accompany her to the house.

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his hands, he said tenderly, "Now, Mary, tell me, have you decided?"

The answer came very faintly. "Yes, Dick." Then half to herself she repeated Kit's homely words, "If folks have got each other in this world they've got all that's wanted. Oh, Dick," she continued, with the new enthusiasm shining in her eyes, enthusiasm that she had always voted bad form. "The noblest soul I ever saw has gone from me to-day."

Mary Fenton's life was blessed by Kit's unassuming hand, and poor little Kit, far away on her Oregon land, toiled loyally looking up at night at Shasta's white peak and praying that she soon might fold her hands, and that she and Bill could be happy together somewhere above the great white mountain.

—Mary Willis Glascock, in the Overland.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

The tune "Yankee Doodle" is said to have originated in the French and Indian war, before the Revolution.

France is the only European country which has today fewer able-bodied men than she had thirty years ago.

Attilla, King of the Huns, was buried in three coffins—the first of gold, the second of silver and the third of iron.

The ground in an open lot at East Great Plains, Conn., has been struck by lightning nine different times in the past seven years.

In 1875 London had 535,000 houses, with 4,120,000 population. It covered an area of 75,000 acres. There were 1,880 miles of streets.

Siam's exports last year included no less than six and a half tons of birds' nests sent to Hong Kong to make the celebrated Chinese soup.

Cuba has 102 coffee plantations, 700 sugar plantations, 4,500 tobacco estates, 3,300 cattle farms and 1,700 small farms devoted to various products.

No representation of the face of a man was ever stamped on a coin until after the death of Alexander the Great, who was regarded as a divinity.

The mace used by the Speaker of the House of Representatives is made of thirteen ebony rods twisted together and held in place by silver bands.

The mite mentioned in the Gospel in connection with the widow's contribution to the treasury was a Greek copper coin weighing eighteen grains.

A noted physician says that the most prolific cause of woman's nervous diseases, hysterics, spinal diseases and sick headaches is high-heeled boots.

The first horse railroad was made in 1828. Now every country town has its street-car line, and even Constantinople and Jerusalem have such facilities.

The greatest domes in the world are those of St. Peter's, St. Paul's, the Invalides, in Paris; St. Isaac's, in St. Petersburg; and the Capitol, in Washington.

Kasper says that of clergymen, 42 per cent. reach seventy years; of farmers, 40; merchants, 33; soldiers and clerks, 33; lawyers, 33; teachers, 28; physicians, 24.

A copper token, the size of a silver dollar, issued by the authority of the first Congress, and bearing the date of "1776," is prized very highly by Capt. G. W. Bullock, of Seattle, Wash.

The Delage was threatened in the year 1850, and began on Dec. 7, 1850, B. C., and continued 37 days. The ark rested upon Mount Ararat on May 6, 1857, but Noah did not leave it until Dec. 15 following.

A watch that was worn by Alexander Hamilton when the Declaration of Independence was signed, and also during the duel with Aaron Burr, is in the possession of Louis M. Habbins, of Madison, Wis.

According to an election return just made to the British Parliament, there are 4,230,120 voters in the United Kingdom. There were 4,592,483 in England, 500,256 in Wales, 745,271 in Ireland, and 619,091 in Scotland.

In Holland a woman is a secondary consideration—and a poor consideration at that. No Dutch gentleman, when walking on the sidewalk, will move out of his way for a lady. The latter turns out invariably, however muddy or dangerous the road.

We have an idea that the United States is a great place, with its 60,000,000 people, but there are 300,000,000 people in Asia, and more than 300,000,000 in Africa. The sci-

entific estimate is that there are 1,450,000,000 people on the earth, of whom not more than 500,000,000 wear clothing from neck to sole.

The Grand Lodge of Masons was founded in Providence in 1730, and two years later the Providence Royal Arch Chapter, No. 1, was instituted by a few Masons of that degree, who obtained a charter from Washington Chapter. Its centennial was celebrated in Providence on Sunday last.